

Purpose?

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By : Quexycyclops

Philosophical contemplation.

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There is only one life, and it should be realized that we may never discover whether or not life is worth living. Are we animals, mere creatures of existence? Cast aside like dust in the wind, scattered and forgotten never to be found? Maybe, just maybe you may consider yourself lucky in this lifetime if you have traversed the deepest and darkest places you could go and find yourself contented, and in full acceptance of your fate. Close your eyes, stop and listen. This moment is all there ever could be. We aim purposelessly through life, and for what I ask? Your beliefs were never your own, your choices had already been decided for you. You are naught, and you like those before you have fallen prey to vanity.. It never existed and never will. I cannot assure you of happiness, wisdom, or long years- only death is guaranteed. Yet if we look close enough around us we find beauty, and it may be the only reason worth existing for. Life must end, yet once there was beauty, once there was purpose.

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